

The Ocean Burial.

"O! bury me not in the deep, deep" sea;
The birds came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cabin couch, at close of day.
He had wasted and pin'd, till o'er his brow
The death-shade had slowly pass'd, and now,
When the land and his fond lov'd home were nigh,
They had gathered around to see him die.

"O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me,
Where no light will break thro' the dark, cold
And no sunbeams rest upon my grave.
It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold,
yet sweet eye, O, grant ye this boon to me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

"For in fancy I've listen'd to the well known words,
The free, wild winds, the songs of birds;
I have thought of home, of the cot and bower,
And of scenes I lov'd in childhood's hour.
I had ever hop'd to be laid when I died,
In the old churchyard there, on the green hill-side;
By the bones of my father's my grave should be,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

"Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tear shall mingle there;
O! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's thro' is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more
That those it so fondly yearned for will come
To plant the wild flowers of spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep o'er me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea."